

VOL. XV.-No. 389.

AUGUST 20, 1884.

Price, 10 Cents

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

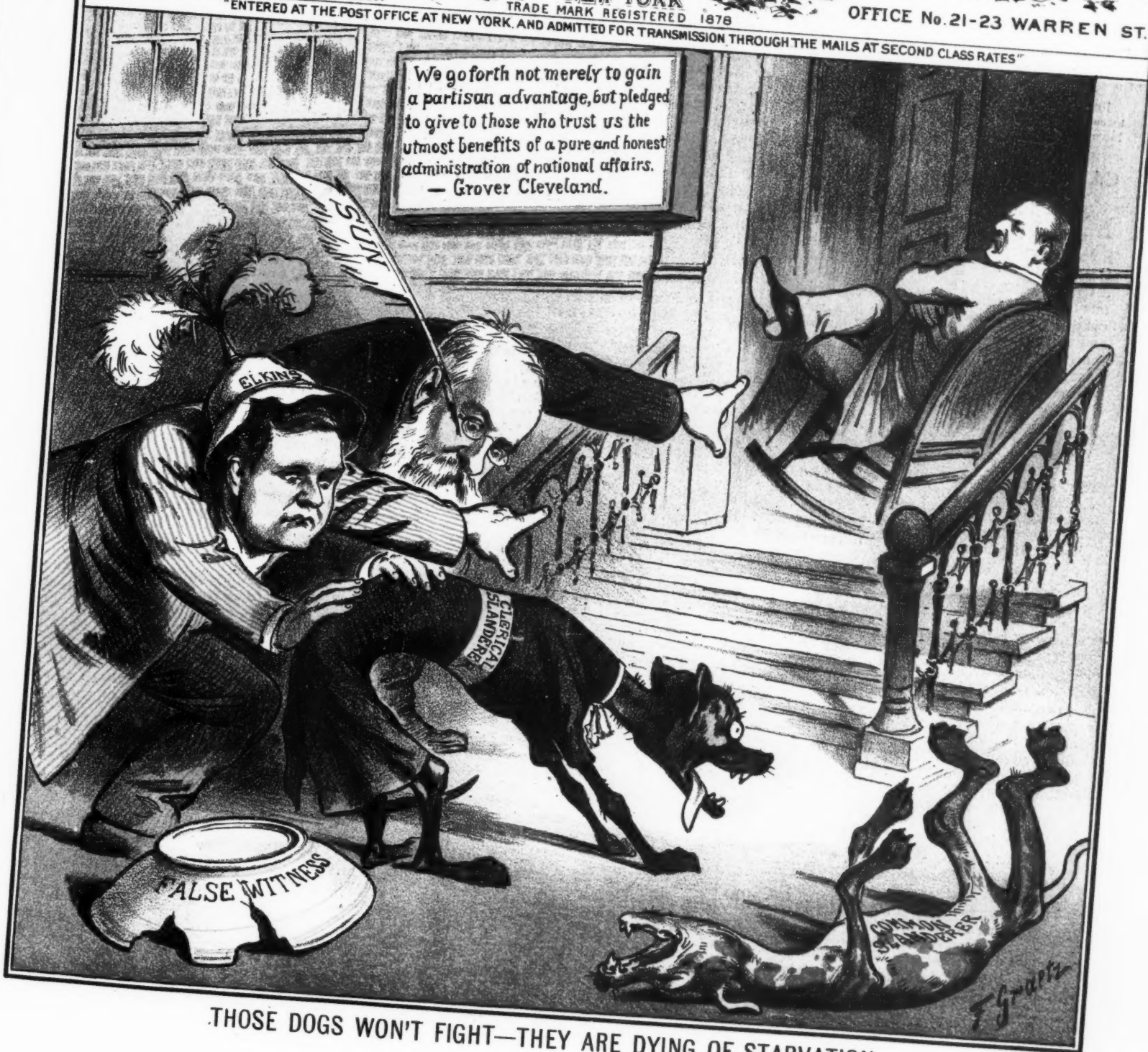
PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

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"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"

We go forth not merely to gain  
a partisan advantage, but pledged  
to give to those who trust us the  
utmost benefits of a pure and honest  
administration of national affairs.  
— Grover Cleveland.



THOSE DOGS WON'T FIGHT—THEY ARE DYING OF STARVATION.

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER  
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## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

## NOTICE.

No portion of this paper will be sold for use in campaign documents or for other political purposes. No exception will be made to this rule. PUCK'S print and pictures are for the people; not for politicians.

## The Book of the Season.

PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1884. For sale throughout the habitable and uninhabitable globe. Price 25 cents.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Blaine has made his own canvass. He has chosen his own issues. He is not a man unacquainted with political life, as Grant was on his first nomination. He is not a dummy, like Hayes. He is admitted to be one of the shrewdest of politicians; and it is quite fair to assume that he is his own general, and that he has not placed himself passively in the hands of his "managers." Therefore we have a right to believe that the lines on which his campaign is conducted are of his own choosing. He has only himself to blame if the lines prove to be ill-chosen.

They are certainly a strange choice for a man who claims to be a statesman and a patriot. Let us see what is the scheme, as far as developed, of the Blaine campaign, that was to be "aggressive" and "American." In the first place, the aggressive American has set to work to identify with his cause those aggressive Americans who were born in Ireland and who think that that fact gives them a license to ravage and murder among the English people, with whom, as a nation, we are on friendly terms. At the same time, we have Mr. Blaine's written assurance that he desires to see the United States at peace with all the rest of the world. With similar aggressiveness, his followers are picturing him to various constituencies as an ardent Prohibitionist and a liberal-minded friend of the liquor traffic. These gentle enthusiasts likewise do honor to their leader's statesmanship by crediting him with the making of certain fictitious treaties of great patriotic potency. This is done in the same airy way in which they accuse Mr. Cleveland of vetoing bills that the New York Legislature never passed.

And, moreover, it appears, Mr. Blaine is the lifelong friend of the workingman. To prove this, he has entered into an alliance with that other disinterested son of toil, General Benjamin F. Butler. Among his supporters we find also such sturdy tillers of the soil and honest mechanics as Cyrus W. Field, Russell Sage, Jay Gould, John Roach, D. O. Mills, and other brave hearts that have always throbbed gener-

ously for the workingman. No, this is not a burlesque; it is not part of a character play where an old-fashioned politician of the Bardwell Slot order takes the stump. It is a fair report of Mr. Blaine's canvass.

All this, you will say, is neither very aggressive, nor very American, nor very statesman-like. But at the worst it is merely cheap, common and unworthy—a canvass of demagoguery and trickery. But there is an infinitely worse side to it. It has been a part of the canvass to assail the personal character of Mr. Blaine's opponent, to slander and insult him, and to violate the decent privacies of life in order to soil his reputation. We do not say that Mr. Blaine is personally responsible for this. But he chose the "managers" who are; and it is not likely that they would carry on the fight in a way of which he disapproves. At any rate, it is by the Blaine men that this disgusting and utterly objectionable element of personal scandal has been introduced into our politics.

The weapon thus furnished has been taken up by unwise partisans of Mr. Cleveland, and an equally shocking attack has been made upon Mr. Blaine's character. He has promptly taken steps to defend himself. He is quite right in this action. It is the duty of every man to clear himself of foul imputations against his integrity. If there is no more foundation for the charges against Mr. Blaine than there was for those against Mr. Cleveland, he certainly should punish his maligners. Having shown this disposition, however, we hope he will go on and disprove certain other accusations which have been often made, and never yet denied.

But we have not yet learned that Mr. Blaine has sent this telegram:

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 14th.

Col. W. R. Holloway:

I have this moment received the atrocious libel of the *Congressional Record*. It is utterly and abominably false in every statement and in every implication. Personal slanders I do not stop to notice, but this assails my honor as a public official. I desire you without an hour's delay to employ the proper attorney and have the responsible publisher of the *Congressional Record* sued for libel in the United States Court. It is my only remedy. I am sure that honorable Democrats alike with honorable Republicans will justify me in defending my honor and integrity, if need be with my life.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Or made this complaint:

James G. Blaine, plaintiff, agt. the Publisher of the *Congressional Record*, defendant, for libel. James G. Blaine, plaintiff, above named, a citizen of the State of Maine, complains of said defendant of the *Congressional Record* and says that the defendant is publisher of a newspaper called the *Congressional Record*, which is printed at the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia; that the defendant directs and controls the publication of said newspaper; that during the Summer of 1876, said defendant, wickedly intending to injure, defame and scandalize plaintiff, did maliciously print and publish in the regular issue of said paper for that day, of and concerning plaintiff, a certain false, scandalous and defamatory article in the words following:

Mr. Mulligan said: "After my examination here, yesterday, Mr. Blaine came up to the hotel, the Riggs House, and there had a conference with Mr. Atkins, Mr. Fisher and myself. He wanted to see the letters that I had. I declined to let him see them. He prayed; went almost on his knees, and implored me to think of his wife and six children, and that, if the committee should get hold of this communication, it would sink him immediately and ruin him for ever. I told him I should not give them to him. He asked me if I would let him read them. I said I would if he would promise me, on the word of a gentleman, that he would return them to me. I did let him read them over. He read them over once, and called for them again, and read them over again. He still importuned me to give those letters up. I declined to do it. I retired to my own room, and he followed me up, and went over the same story about his wife and children, and implored me to give them (the letters) up to him, and even contemplated suicide. He

asked me if I wanted to see his children left in that state, and he then asked me again if I would not let him look over those papers consecutively. I had them numbered."

And that of the letters referred to in this interview, the following was by the same defendant alleged to be one:

[Personal.]

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 4th, 1869.

My dear Sir—I spoke to you a short time ago about a point of interest to your railroad company that occurred at the last session of Congress.

It was on the last night of the session, when the bill renewing the land grant to the State of Arkansas for the Little Rock Road was reached, and Julian, of Indiana, Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, and by right entitled to the floor, attempted to put on the bill, as an amendment, the Fremont El Paso scheme—a scheme probably well known to Mr. Caldwell. The House was thin, and the lobby in the Fremont interest had the thing all set up; and Julian's amendment was likely to prevail, if brought to a vote. Roots, and other members from Arkansas, who were doing their best for their own bill, (to which there seemed to be no objection,) were in despair, for it was well known that the Senate was hostile to the Fremont scheme; and, if the Arkansas bill had gone back to the Senate with Julian's amendment, the whole thing would have gone on the table and slept the sleep of death.

In this dilemma, Roots came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules; for he said it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that Julian's amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane; but he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point, but he said General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make the point. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it; and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment moved by Julian, and at once passed without objection.

At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell; but you can tell him that, without knowing it, I did him a great favor.

Sincerely yours, J. G. BLAINE.

W. FISHER, jr., Esq.,  
No. 24 India Street, Boston.

That a large number of copies of said newspaper were by defendant caused to be circulated and distributed in said city of Washington, and elsewhere; and that by said publication the plaintiff has been damaged in the sum of \$50,000, for which sum he demands judgement.

Somebody writes to the *Sun* asking the question: Where are the police? We will tell the *Sun's* correspondent. A dozen of them are in corner gin-mills drinking whiskey on the sly. One has just clubbed a man nearly to death for presuming to have an epileptic fit. Several are talking to servant-girls in the basement. A hundred and fifty are having suppers in the kitchen with the cook. Seventy-five are talking politics outside grocery-stores. Eleven hundred and three are swinging their clubs for amusement, and pursuing the practical study of astronomy by gazing at the skies. One has arrested a small boy for throwing a stone and saying: "Here comes the cop!" Fifty are on the alert to signal to policy-shops and "skin" games when a raid is about to be made. Others are drunk and dragging respectable women to the station-house on vile charges.

Half-a-dozen have agreed to allow their burgling friends full swing, and not to be at the scene of the crib-cracking at the supreme moment. Two or three are doing a little burgling on their own account, and thirty-five are taking naps in doorways. One has been suspended for bad behavior. Others are eating fruit from peddlers' stands and not paying for it. A number are gallantly helping ladies across the streets, and unnecessarily squeezing their arms in doing so. A fair percentage are attending to their duties. Oh, yes, there are a few good policemen who don't do any of these things; but there is room for ever so many more. "Where are the police?" has been asked, and we have endeavored to tell. They are also in a great many more places than we can remember just now; and in places where they should not be; and they are leaving undone many things which they ought to have done.



## A BLESSING.

BREATHED ACROSS A DOWN-TOWN STREET.



Over the way in the beer-saloon,  
Where the flies are humming a drowsy tune,  
And the clock-work fan, as it swings around,  
Utters a cheerless creaking sound,  
Just under the window-awning's shade  
Sits the saloon-keeper's little maid,  
A little blonde angel, just six years old,  
With eyes of turquoise and hair of gold,  
Eating a pretzel salty and dry,  
And drinking "sassaparilla" from a schooner broad and high.

O pretty maid, with your braided hair,  
You're a spot of sunlight, sweet and fair,  
In this dusty, dismal, down-town street,  
That only the hoofs of truck-horses beat—  
You're a picture that pleases, more than a bit,  
The clerk who is toiling here opposite.  
So permit him to flutter a friendly prayer  
Down on your head through the sultry air:  
May you grow up pretty and good and sweet,  
And grow quite out of this down-town street;  
May your cup of joy be of schooner size,  
And your love be as honest as are your eyes;  
And may your pretzel be changed, some day,  
To a pretty little love-knot that shall never slip away.

LEGER FYLE.

## REMARKS BY ME.

I trust that we have got to an end of this Arctic exploration madness. Whether the hideous story of last week is true or no, the hideous waste of health, strength and life is no less shameful. What good comes of this sacrificing of body and soul on the icy altar? What is the purpose of it? What good is gained? What good could have been gained if the Greeley expedition had got to the North Pole three times over?

But the Cause of Science—? Oh, of course, that Cause of Science again! Now, then, what does Science want of the North Pole? Is the North Pole eatable, drinkable, vendible? Can you use the North Pole as a disinfectant? Can you make a health-resort of it? Are there gold mines there, or ivory, or jute, or hemp, or pasture-lands, or anything except barrenness and cold? Are men made better, morally or intellectually, by going there? Is there anything to be got out of reaching it beyond the mere satisfaction of having accomplished a difficult feat?

No.

That answers all the questions. Then why send another man there to die, or to come home broken in health and spirit; the empty title of hero his sole recompense? And why hero? If a man is a hero because he risks his life in sheer foolhardiness, then the man who does the trapeze-act in a circus is a hero. The

man who undertakes to cross the Atlantic in a dory is a hero. If self-starvation makes a hero of a man, Dr. Tanner is the greatest hero on record. If you may become a hero by exposing yourself to cold, get into a butcher's ice-box and stay there until Science crowns you with the honors of an unflinching martyr. This sounds unkind, perhaps; but stop and reflect, and you will see that it is good sense. I am no materialist. I do not wish that self-forgetting enthusiasm should go unregarded. I do not look only to the sordid ends of toil. I do not consider that bravery wasted which brings no return in corn and oil. But I can not see any heroism in risking one's life to get one inch higher up a greased pole than any other man has got before.

Now, if you want a hero, that *Times* man who went to Marseilles and told the truth about the cholera is a hero. He risked his life; but he risked it to do the world a substantial benefit. Yet I do not observe that the newspapers are giving double-ledged columns to the tale of Harold Frederic's bravery. He gets a five-line notice, commending him as a good journalist. And he wouldn't get that if he did not happen to be a graphic and brilliant writer. Poor dead McGahan, after six years, has a column in the *Telegram*. And McGahan was as brave a man as any Arctic explorer, and he was a useful man. Archibald Forbes, who has done more service to civilization than Kane and Parry and Franklin put together, has had to blow his own trumpet. F. D. Millet held the horrors of the Russo-Turkish war up to the eye of civilization, and risked his life to do it; but it did not make him world-famous. If he had lost his fingers in Smith's Sound, the world would have been his grateful and obsequious debtor. What a farce it is!

Heroism! Look at that pale old Sister of Charity, scuttling about the tenement-house districts, looking after the poor and the sick. She is heroic. Look at the Doctor in the dispensary, dealing out medicines and disinfectants to diseased and filthy people. He is heroic. Look at the Life-Saver, patrolling the windy beach in Winter's bitterest storms. There is heroism for you. If you try to define heroism, you will find that it means self-devotion and self-sacrifice for good and unselfish purposes. The man who dies for his religion is a hero. Even if the religion is false and mistaken, he shows the world how to suffer for conviction's sake. But the man who risks his sacred life just to say that he has done what no other man has done is no hero. That may be a hard gospel; but you will find it is truth itself.

What is there to justify the cost of this great Arctic expedition? I do not mean the cost in money. That is great enough. And the cost in human life is great enough. But look at the heart-broken and unprotected widows and orphans and the bereaved fathers and mothers. Money can not pay for the cruelty inflicted upon these people. Has Science reaped any compensating advantage? Had the issue been successful, would the fact that the North Pole was reached have been an offset to all this grief—not only the grief that is felt now that the worst is known, but the long agony of suspense and tortured expectation?

There is need for a healthier public feeling on this subject. The world must learn to estimate the "sacrifices" of Arctic explorers at their true value. The world, it seems to me, is wasting its enthusiasm at present. Would it not be well to readjust our standard of Heroism?

ME.

## Puckerings.



HE BOARDED down at Newport—  
'Twas early in July;  
We met beside the ocean,  
Beneath a cloudless sky,  
And many a box of Huyler's  
For her I used to buy.

When we were in the billows  
We wandered hand in hand,  
Like two delighted fairies  
Astray in fairyland—  
Although I'm not a fairy,  
You'll please to understand.

Upon the old piazza  
We used to sit and dream;  
I'd swing her in the hammock  
In ecstasy supreme,  
And fill her very often  
With strawberry ice-cream.

But soon my gay vacation  
Was brought unto a stop,  
And I no more could take her  
To the dizzy seaside hop.  
I said: "Good-by, Belinda,"  
And went back to the shop.

While now I measure ribbons  
For thirteen cents a yard,  
I dream of dear Belinda,  
And wonder very hard  
If she, when back to Gotham,  
Will send to me her card.

MOTTO FOR LAWN-TENNIS—"Love that hath  
Us in the Net."

A GOOD SCHEME for getting a reputation for being fond of works of art and numbers of pictures is to lay in a lot of nicely-framed chromos, and have them so heavily covered with mosquito-netting that no one can see the canvas.

ACCORDING TO the almanac, there are to be five eclipses this year—three of the sun and two of the moon; but we beg to announce that there will be a sixth, for during the remaining period PUCK will be found eclipsing all he has done heretofore.

IN THESE sultry red-hot days, when you can't tell at what moment an earthquake is going to step in and break up the monotony of the rain, the tennis man is worrying and making himself sick trying to devise a plan to award the prettiest young lady in the club the first prize in the tournament. Being a beautiful and lovely girl, she is, of course, very clumsy and unskillful in the manipulation of her racket. And then, dearly beloved, if her heart and soul are not gladdened and illumined by the first prize, she will call the manager a mean old thing, and turn up her dainty little nose at the mention of his name, and vow she will not belong to the club next Summer. And if she doesn't, yea verily, the young men of the place will not join at all at all, and then will the tennis club smash up and go to pieces and disband and bust up entirely.

## THE "IRISH" BARBER ON BLAINE.

(NO CONNECTION WITH THE GERMAN BARBER.)

Fine day, sor, but slobbery. Begor, the poor people down at the sayside 'ill be ruined this Summer, would all the rain we had. Shave, sor? Mickey, bad luck to you! why haven't ye the claane towels here whin I tould you? But 'tis loosin' yer time lookin' over PUCK and the picthur-papers ye are, instead o' mindin' yer biz'ness. That's the way, sor. Even theese anigshores o' boys do be thinkin' o' polithics afore they're able to write their names. There's no use in taalkin'. Sure aren't we Irishmin all born politeeshuns? An' that is what laaves us as we are? Is it that ye said, sor? Well, bayther-shin, as we say in Irish whin we want to say "maybe so."

Yis, sor, no wondher you'd put yer nose to that soap. That's the best soap in any shavin'-saloon in New Yaark. Will I put up a square of it far ye? No, not till the next toime? Well, I'll lave it awanside fur ye. Oh! but 'tis beautiful soap! But what is id to the soap that's now in use in the Campaign Committee rooms? Phew! yer sowl—did I cut you, sor? I ax yer paardin', but I think that was an ould moskeety-bite I kem across whin I gev ye the nick.

Is there much soap goin' now? No, then; but 'tis promised. I was shavin' a Blaine man to-day, an', begor, I thought his eyes would leap out of his head wid the rage he was in. Did I cut him, is id? Ha, ha! Faith that's a cut at me, yer honor, for the nick I gev ye. No, I didn't cut him; but he was wild because o' the news he was afther hearin'.

What was it? Av coorse id was about ould Bin Butler; he's goin' to stand, afther all. Will he do any good? Saartinly he will, for the Dimicrats; and that was what med the Blaine man so vexed. Sure no man in his sinsis—American, Irishman, Jarmin or Eyetalian—would throw away his vote on a cracked ould kicker that's dotin' for the last tin years. He'll niver git a man to vote for him but some mad countryman o' me own, or some Massachusetts crank that wants his hide tanned afther his death, to make shoe-leather for his poor relations. Would I vote for Butler? Would I? Now there's a question! Well, begor, I'll tell the truth an' shame the devil. I would, av it was a thing ould Bin got the nomination at the Dimicratic Convintion in Chicago; but you see, sor, he wint to that Convintion as a diligate, he voted

there, an' spoke also, an' whin he was bet fair, an' he saw that the voice of the pape was ag'inst him, instid of taakin' his defate loike a man, he on'y began to shnap like a mad dog, an' thin he run home an' begun concoctin' schames wid ould Dana o' the *Sun*, antil at last he got out his surprisin' dodger. I didn't like that, ye know, an' therefore I wouldn't vote for him now.

What was his motive in shtartin' at this late hour? Well, sor, you have the advantage o' me there, for I'm not a mind-readher or a spiritalist; I'm on'y a plain Hibernian American tonsorial artist, divil a more; but, in my humble opinion, he's afther comin' out through what we call in Ireland pure divilmint. He wants to scaald the Dimicratic Party becase they thrun him over at the Convintion; an' he thinks because his name is Bin Butler a crowd of sensible workin'men 'll folly his lead. An' who will he have, then? Is that what you say, sor? Cranks, all cranks. The man he'll injure most is Spotted Jim, becase he'll take a heap o' the dynamoighters from him; but he'll never get a sensible man's vote becase it would be thrun away. Good-evenin', sor. Thank you. Yis, as ye remarked, that's nice soap. Yer jaws feel quite aisy afther it. So will the heelers' jaws feel whin they git the campaign soap they're lookin' for.

BARNEY O'DYNAMITE.

It is announced that Mr. J. Warren Keifer will practise law in Washington. Glad of it. We never did like those Washingtonians, anyhow.

YES, ALPHEUS, Summer in New York is indeed a pleasant season for the lonely bachelor. There are no mosquitos, no corn-husk beds, no stale vegetables. Ice is abundant, and may be purchased for cash, if you have enough of the cash. You are free from malarious marshes, the yelp of the pervasive infant does not annoy your ear. You are not obliged to go to bed at ten o'clock. For one dollar and a half per orchestra seat you may have music and cotton tights and uphold the cause of art. But, Alpheus, all these things are as naught. They are but vanity and vexation of spirit. For lo, has not the last pretty girl departed for Mount Desert? And would not one simple maiden in her tennis jersey outweigh all of these? Yea, verily, selah!

## PUCK'S CURT JOURNAL.

*A Record of High Old Life.*

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE YOUNG MAN CALLED JENKINS.

SACHEM KELLY, though somewhat down in the mouth because of his recent afflictions, is not, as is commonly supposed, sulking in his wigwam. On the contrary, he is up and doing his best to make timid folks feel uncomfortable. Happy thought: How would it do for the Tammany Chief to pay a visit to his big brother, Hole-in-the-Sky, and pull the hole in after him? No charge for the suggestion.

CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is spending the Summer, according to custom, in Madison Square, where he has come to obtain the honor of Senior Bencher. The great work of Evolution still goes on unmolested in the person of G. F. T., from octoroon to quadroon, from quadroon to mulatto, and from mulatto to a still darker shade. In due course of time he promises to excel the Nubian in point of complexion at least.

FRANK HATTON, A. P. M. G., the good Greeleyan disciple, having considerably conferred his tileish appellation upon seven-and-twenty unhappy post-offices for the week ending August 9th, has gone West in search of a few more cross-road settlements upon which to bestow the dual blessing of a new P. O. and the imperishable lustre of a name that was not born to be smothered among mail-pouches. Great man! Great head!! Great Hat on it!!!

"BREWSTER, ATTORNEY-GENERAL," is also at Long Branch; likewise his Louis Quinze ruff and his Brian O'Lynn hat. All three contribute equally in the formation of a galaxy of unshorn glory and signally amazing grandeur. "B., A.-G.," is said to be the happy possessor of two coats-of-arms, one for walking and the other for driving purposes, bearing the respective mottos, "*Odium cum Dignitate*" and "*Sic Itur ad Astra*." The latter has no connection whatsoever with Star Route Prosecutions, as perhaps might be inferred. Perish any such thought! Where ignorance is Bliss—B'George the proverb's musty.

BLAINE, THE TATTOOED MAN, having obtained a short leave of absence from the Management of the National Dime Museum Company (Limited), is spending a brief vacation at B'ar Harbor. Like Mahomet, (or was it Mulligan?) he would invite his soul awhile before the campaign waxeth over-warm. It is thought he will run well with the B'ar Harborers; so well, we trust, as to come out ahead—of the B'ars. Meanwhile it is even more than hinted that the T. M. has willingly—nay, gladly incurred any personal risk involved through his present surroundings, in order to be well rid of his obnoxious trainers, Phelps, Reid and Smith. From which it would appear there may be annoyances more bitter than defeat in the path of Presidential endeavor!

THE YOUNG MAN CALLED JENKINS.

FOR MANY years the sign "Pants Exclusively" has been a feature of Broadway sign-advertising; but now the old sign has to bow its head in the dust and acknowledge its inferiority and littleness to "Bespoke Garments."

LOVE MAY LAUGH at locksmiths; but it has never been known to treat plumbers with any such contemptuous familiarity.

## CHINA WILL PAY.



COLLECTORS WHO COLLECT.



## CROWNS AND CROWNED HEADS.

[XXI.]



URING the hot weather very few crowns are worn this season, and a few hints as to the care of the crown itself may not be out of place. The crown should not be carelessly hung on the hat-rack in the royal hall for the flies to roost upon, but it should be thoroughly cleaned and put away as soon as the weather becomes too hot to wear it comfortably. Great care should be used in cleaning a gold-plated crown, to avoid wearing out the plating. Take a good stiff tooth-brush, with a little soapsuds, and clean the crown thoroughly at first, drying it on a clean towel and taking care not to drop it on the floor and thus knock the moss-agate diadem loose. Next, get a sleeve of the royal undershirt, or, in case you can not procure one readily, the sleeve of a duke or right-bower may be used. Soak this in vinegar, and with a coat of whiting polish the crown thoroughly, wrap it in cotton-flannel and put it in the bureau. Sometimes the lining of the crown becomes saturated with hair-oil from constant use and needs cleaning. In such cases the lining may be removed, boiled in concentrated lye two hours, or until tender, and then placed on the grass to bleach in the sun.

Most crowns are size six-and-seven-eighths, and they are therefore frequently too large for the number six head of royalty. In such cases a newspaper may be folded lengthwise and laid inside the sweat-band of the crown, thus reducing the size and preventing any accident by which his or her majesty might lose the crown in the coal-bin while doing the chores.

After the Fourth of July and other royal holidays, this newspaper may be removed, and the crown will be found none too large for the imperial dome of thought.

Sceptres may be cleaned and wrapped in woolen goods during the hot

Summer months. The leg of an old pair of pantaloons makes a good resort to run a sceptre into while not in use. Never try to kill flies or drive carpet-tacks with the sceptre. It is an awkward tool at best, and you might easily knock a thumb-nail loose, which you would bitterly regret. Great care should also be taken of the royal robe. Do not use it for a lap-robe while dining, nor sleep in it at night. Nothing looks more repugnant than a king on his throne, with little white feathers all over his robe. It is in equally bad taste to govern a kingdom in a maroon robe with white horse-hairs all over it.



—After the Fourth of July and other royal holidays.—

I once knew a king who invariably curried his horses in his royal robes; and if the steeds didn't stand around to suit him, he would ever and anon welt them in the pit of the stomach with his cast-iron sceptre. It was greatly to the interest of his horses not to incur the royal displeasure, as the reader has no doubt already surmised.

The robe of the king should only be worn while his majesty is on the throne. When he comes down at night after his day's work, and goes out after his coal and kindling-wood, he may take off his robe, roll it up carefully, and stick it in under the throne, where it will be out of sight. Nothing looks more untidy than a fat king milking a bob-tail cow in a Mother Hubbard robe trimmed with imitation ermine.

BILL NYE.



—Never drive carpet-tacks with a sceptre.—

## ÆSOP REVISED.

## THE PIGLET AND THE LAMBKIN.

A Naughty Lambkin was one day Playing upon the Grassy Sward about his Native Land when he encountered a Piglet, who, following the ancient advice to Swine, was Rooting Hog lest he Die.

"Get thee thither, thou Son of Uncleanness! I want none of thee upon my Land, for lo! thou art the lowest of thy Kine!" quoth the Lambkin.

"Not so, Gentle Neighbor. Thou art lower than I, for my realm is greater than thy realm. I am a 'bigger man than old Goat,' and let it not slip thy memory!"

"Saucy Piglet, take this diglet—take this diglet on the eye," replied the Lambkin, gently swathing with a Dotlet the Piglet from the Sty.

"Come not thy Springish racket on me, thou Thee from Theeville. There's no flies on this Piglet. I can prove by the ancients that my Kingdom is the Boss Kingdom in all Kins-town!"

"Well, give me thy proof—Ocular Proof, as Goathello says," warbled the Lambkin.

"'Twas said of old, when Pig was Pig, and Monkeys were depraved enough to Chew Tobacco, that the Pen was mightier than the Sward!" retorted the Piglet, as the Lambkin, with a Bleat of Pain, got him thence into Ignominious Flight.

Moral.—Never argue with a Hog.

JOHN KENDRICK.

## THE SLIM BANK-ACCOUNT AND THE GORGEOUS OVERDRAFT.

[Right on the heels of Æsop.]

A Slim Bank-Account took a Walk one day, when he met a Gorgeous Overdraft driving out behind a Double-Team with gilded trappings and showy Livery. People were bowing and scraping to the Gorgeous Overdraft on every hand, while the Slim Bank-Account was passed by unnoticed.

"How now!" exclaimed the Slim Bank-Account, when they were beyond the Hearing of the Populace: "doesn't every one Know that you are Heels over Head in debt, while I do not owe any Man? Yet one would suppose that you were the Soul of Honor and I scarcely better than a Scurvy Beggar!"

The Gorgeous Overdraft smiled serenely, and said:

"You do not seem to understand the secret of Popular homage. These good People are much interested in my private Fortune, and are afraid I may take a sudden Notion to go to Canada."

"Ah ha!" remarked the Slim Bank-Account, and passed on Contented.

MORAL.—*Vox populi* is not Always *vox dei*.

J. B. BELL.

NOW THE average human feels  
Like lying down to kick his heels  
High in the air, and by his squeals  
Show how he likes his PUCK ON WHEELS.

## MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

HEART "BEATS"—Professional Mashers.

GREENBACKERS ARE almost as scarce as greenbacks.

HAS IT EVER occurred to anybody to call a commercial traveler's association a brass-band?

THE LACK of an eternal "fitness of things" is what causes all the trouble between us and our tailor.

WRONGS ARE seldom righted in this world, or the crashing thunderbolts of the wrath of a wronged nation would annihilate the campaign carolers.

IN DAKOTA they lynched a man for saying he had a bilious attack when creditors innumerable were pursuing him. Lynch-law isn't so wholly bad, after all.

AN OHIO FARMER says that a mule can be cured of kicking by catching hold of his leg while in the act. But when the unfortunate operator is sailing through the empyrean dome he probably wishes he hadn't interfered with the inalienable rights and hereditary customs of the mule.

J. H. THOLENS.

## THE POET AT THE TABLE.

## II.—PANCAKES.

"These pancakes," remarked the comic bard-let, looking dreamily across the snowy damask at his cousin, who was embroidering a tidy: "these pancakes, gentle Cynthia, thrill my being with gentlest music. For you know that there can be music without sound, just as there can be sound without music. It seems strange to me that there should be so much reminiscence in food. These pancakes naturally recall the buckwheat-cake period—those charmed and never-to-be-forgotten lobster-salad days of youth.

"I am reminded of the cold, chill mornings at boarding-school. Mornings when it was so cold that the buckwheat-cakes were the only inducement to arise. And how swiftly we dressed on those cold mornings, and did most of the dressing in bed, even to the pulling on of boots under the bed-clothes! And after we were entirely dressed we washed. That is, we called it washing. After we had broken the ice in the pitcher by jamming the brush-handle down on it several times, we touched the water with our fingers and drew them gently across our eyes, and then flew nimbly to the towel. And when we got down-stairs we warmed our collars, previously to putting them on, by stretching them around a stove-pipe.

"And then we went pell-mell into the dining-room and commenced a race to see who could eat the greatest number of cakes. As soon as a plateful was put on the table there was a general scramble, and that plate was empty in about two seconds. No dainty dish at Delmonico's was ever eaten with greater relish by an epicure than those cakes were by us. And the cook who cooked them must have looked like an overdone lobster, as she bobbed around the grate. And besides, Cynthia, while gazing upon these cakes, I can feel the olden snow-ball behind my ear, and hear the boys coughing as hard as possible to get a spoonful of the cherry-pectoral that old Smithers used to deal out so prodigally every night. I can also hear the merry shouts of the boys engaged in a snow-ball fight, and the German-silvery jingle of sleigh-bells; and I can see the expression of dismay on the face of the boy who has suddenly and unintentionally sat down so hard on the pond that he has left on it one of those impressions commonly called a spider.

"Yet, these cakes are suggestive of other things. In them I can see the lily-pads over which the teeter-snipe used to teeter in the old pond down in the woods. The old pond had nothing in it but sunfish and turtles; but it was about the liveliest sheet of water I ever met. We used to fish and swim in it all day long—especially swim. We stayed in hours at a time, and chased each other through the woods with handfuls of mud, yelling like Indians. And the board! I can never forget the board. It was taken off a fence and thrown in the pond. And everybody wrestled with it, and tried to get on it and float. That board was about the most unnecessary thing connected with that swimming-place, yet without it the swim would have lost one of its greatest charms. To see that board bobbing up at one end and a lively boy bobbing down at the other, and to notice how swiftly his shouts were stopped by his mouth filling with water, was a sight to be remembered. And then there was the log that no one could get on, because it wouldn't stand still. It was as uncertain as the circus trick-mule, and when a boy started to climb on it, it always whirled at the wrong moment, and sent him under water with his shins barked.

"Another favorite scheme was to get the bank smooth and slippery, so that the boy who tried to stand on it would not know at what moment his heels were going to fly from under

him and land him on his back. And after the bank was made good and slippery, the boys used to cover themselves with mud from head to foot, and get back about two hundred feet, and run in single file, yelling like so many fiends, toward the slippery bank. And when that spot was reached, it was the custom of each boy to slide as he would on ice, until he finally slid into the water. And it used to look beautiful to see them sliding in Indian file right into the water. But when one boy slid off his feet before he reached the edge, and the others fell over him, it didn't look so beautiful; though the boys enjoyed it quite as much, and went and did it over. Those were happy days, and I think I got as much fun out of them as any of the rest.

"Therefore, gentle Cynthia, take these cakes away; they are like the accidentally discovered lock of hair of some dear one passed away. They are the package of love-letters found in an old dusty chest when you are looking for something else. They are the faded lilies-of-the-valley, full of sweet memories, found in some old half-forgotten book.

"And, besides, they are too cold to eat. Therefore take them away. They fill my overburdened soul with sadness; but they are not going to give me dyspepsia."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WHEN A man is being raised on the nasal appendage of Jumbo, may he not be said to be traveling on the Grand Trunk line?

## REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

IT WAS reported some time since that Mr. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio, had given several new coats to his old servants. Naturally surprised at so unexpected a display of generosity on his part, and noting the flat contradiction thereby given to current public opinion, we ventured to inquire of a lately-arrived Ohio gentleman what could possibly have given rise to the report in question. Very much to our astonishment he declared the statement to be exact!—only that the coats were coats of paint ungrudgingly bestowed on his venerable family-gig and ever-faithful wheelbarrow. And yet there are people wicked enough to deny the fact of R. B. Hayes's philanthropy!

THERE IS said to be among the MSS. of the British Museum an illuminated pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, tracing her descent directly back to Adam. This is important, if true, but no more remarkable in fact than a similar case that has lately come under our observation in this city, where a lady friend of the writer, a most estimable person, in humble life, can boast of an equally respectable pedigree, inasmuch as it can be traced, without the slightest chronological break in her line of ancestry, back to New Year's Eve. If anybody doubts this statement, the record can be produced.

A NEW YORK millionaire carries his entire library in his pocket. It consists of one bank-book.

## THE TAIL OF THE TICKET PROVES USEFUL.



A LITTLE TRICK TO CATCH THE SOLDIER-VOTE.



## Answers for the Anxious.

"INDIGNATION."—We fully understand and appreciate your astonishment and indignation at the cowardly assault upon the noble spirit whom the staff of this paper are proud to call their Chief. But you need not fear for him. He will rise triumphant over the base attacks of envious cowardice. Mr. Opper shall be made to bitterly regret his ill-advised introduction of personalities into this campaign.

We do not desire to spread before a horrified world the whole record of this Benedict Arnold of Art; but a few simple facts may serve as an indication of his character and antecedents.

Some three years ago, a broken-down, pallid, not to say livid, man presented himself at the office of PUCK. We say "man" from magnanimous motives. His garments hung in rags about his emaciated form. His shoes were worn to quivering shreds of uppers. He was travel-stained and dusty. It was evident that he had walked many miles. His trembling hands gave evidence that he had crawled a part of the way. In tones of abject misery he solicited an asylum.

Repressing a natural desire to suggest the well-known retreat at Binghamton, the generous-minded Chief inquired of the pitiable figure whence it had come.

"From the West," was the hesitating answer.

"But from what part of the West? From California? From Oregon? From Missouri? From Kansas?"

At the mention of Kansas, the cowering stranger started, and gave utterance to a cry of fear.

"You seem unstrung," continued the Chief: "have you been on a 'bender'?"

With a shriek of horror, the wretched being fell upon his face on the floor. He was lifted up gently, and when a little ink had been forced between his set teeth, he partially recovered, and confided to the Chief the terrible story of his hideous past.

Moved by the penitence of the hapless creature, and trusting to his promise to lead a better and a quieter life, the Chief determined, with noble charity, to aid him in striving to atone for his past misdeeds.

The stranger was given light, easy employment at chopping wood for the office-stove. He seemed humbly grateful. It was soon observed that he chipped fantastic figures on the blocks of wood; and after a while these figures showed the semblance of the human form. Taken in connection with the utter absence of intellect which the new-comer displayed, this proved that nature had designed him for an artist; and to that position he was shortly degraded.

In that capacity he still struggles through the last sad years of his miserable existence. Nobody, save the Chief, whose lips are sealed by Honor, knows the awful secret of his past. But it is felt that he is an object of sympathy, and those who surround him in the office are careful not to rend his soul with grief by unkind allusions to Kansas, or to a famous family known as the Benders. No one ever speaks of cellars filled with reeking human corpses, or refers to mysterious trap-doors and pitfalls. The mention of Lynch law is considerably avoided, and the word "murder" is rarely spoken. We all feel that his ignominious present is the expiation of his wretched past.

We do not say that this individual is identical with the maligner of our Chief. A kindly reticence we are still willing to observe. But let the Benedict Arnold beware lest he go too far.

## THE BANKERS' CONVENTION.

A CORRECT REPORT.

The American Bankers' Association assembled in annual convention last week at Saratoga. The attendance was large. Models of Canada and the dividing line between the Dominion and the United States lay about the hall.

There were also railroad time-tables, with the rate of fares to all Canadian points, in the hands of those present.

The Committee on Credentials reported that the Sunday-school and church rule had been strictly adhered to, no banker being admitted who was not directly connected with such institutions.

The meeting was called to order by President Hypothecate Bolter.

After complimenting the organization on the large number of banks that had "busted" during the year, and the numerous cashiers and bank-officers who had successfully got away with bank funds, he pointed out that there was yet very much to be done. He said:

"We have no reason to be dissatisfied with our work; but our motto must still be 'Excelsior!' I would impress upon young cashiers, presidents and tellers the necessity of being bold in action. There have been, I regret to say, many instances during the late panic of the want of this quality. It is not sufficient to use the bank funds for speculation in Wall Street. It is not sufficient to run away with them, nor to take up one's residence successfully in Canada. These are eminently professional actions, in their way; but to be a Past Master Banker the bank must be thoroughly "busted." It must be "busted" beyond the shadow of a doubt, and beyond all hope of its being able to get on its legs again. We all know of some banks whose cashiers and presidents have disappeared, but which have gone on as if nothing had happened, the deficiencies being made up by their relatives.

"This must never be permitted; it is opposed to all correct principles of banking. There should further be some sense of justice in defalcations. It is not fair for the cashier to take all the money and leave none for the president, or for the paying or receiving-teller to leave none for the janitor. We ought to look upon Canada as our Mecca or our land of promise. We should study the guide-books, and note the fastest trains. Now, as to vacations, do not take very long ones, for fear there might be trouble while you are away; but choose Canada in order to become familiar with the ground."

The President spoke in warm terms of praise of the supineness of the detectives, which enabled members so well to carry out the objects of the profession and association. He summed up, giving the following golden rules:

I.—Never steal more than fifty thousand dollars a day, unless you know that the bank must close on the morrow.

II.—Always be polite to the bank-examiner, but don't let him examine anything; not that he would find things wrong, but outsiders should not be allowed to interfere with bank-officers.

III.—When you have resolved to go to Canada, don't say much about it, but give out that you intend sailing for Europe in a few days.

IV.—Greenbacks are much better to bolt with than gold. You can carry more of them.

There was much applause when the speaker concluded, and the following resolution was passed:

*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the American Bankers' Association that the existence of an extradition treaty between Canada and the United States is an outrage on the inalienable rights of bankers.

FREDDY'S SLATE  
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

newyorkorgustninetean

dear puck

this is a mene wurd thare Is two mutch jim jonson An clamm baik in it weke befour Last i had jim jonson an last weak i had the clamm baike

boath of them Curld me Up An i hav cum two the con clution that itt is know goud been A boy i hav cum too this con clution becors wen it ant jim johnson it Is clamm baiks an Wen it ant clamm baiks itt is jim jonson

i cend you a car Toon reppresentin me as i apeerd after we had a clamm baik last weke the clamm baik was lik foolen With jim jonsons gerl itt was mitey fine as lorng As it lastid but itt was verrey sic Fun befor i gott throu with it

maybe i ortwo say wen It gott throu with me the clamm baik had itt orl its Own wa the clamm baik was orl writte it was a goud clamm baik butt i Had two mutch off it an it cort me prittey Quick

i cend you a car Toon shown how Itt cort me my mar tacedd me ferst An she gaive me know end of medsin moastly pepmint wen that diddend fech me she ced i was a wickid thortles boy an she cent four The docter

ouer docter is no homerpath he ses he blongs two The oled scool he has The nasstyes medsin i ever taisted it is nastey enuf to scair A collic out i shoud think itt woud scair a rinoserhorse this is me with The docter givn me A pil my mar is standen bi with A lott off jinger sayen doant you Think this woud doo him sum goud

i am orl rite now butt you Bett it was livley wile itt was gone on

youters down On clamm baikes

freddy

p s cend my slaight bac An plese cend sumthin with Itt too taik the taist off the medsin out off my mowth



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

THE MAGNETIC BUNCO-STIER  
 HUNGRY BEN.—"How are you, Mr. Workingman? What!—don't you remember me? Why, I'm your old friend just you





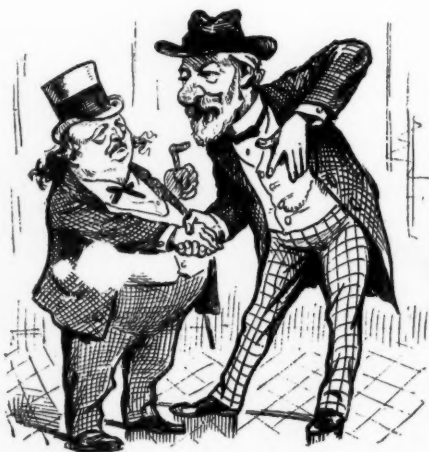
MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

STIER AND HIS CONFEDERATE.

friend: "Just you let me put you onto a nice little scheme—" — WORKINGMAN. — "No, sirree! I've been there before."

# BLAINE *VERSUS* BUTLER. HOW THE PLUMED KNIGHT OUTWITTED THE WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND.

Condensed from the N. Y. Herald.



Blaine needed Butler's assistance to be made Speaker on a certain occasion. He promised Butler the Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee, and the General supported him in the caucus.



A friend of General Butler whispered to him that Mr. Speaker Blaine intended to give the Chairmanship to another man. General Butler discovered that Mr. Blaine was in a committee-room. He went to the door, but—



—was repulsed by the door-keeper, who told him that Speaker Blaine was very busy. He got a look through the door, and saw Mr. Blaine actually sitting at the table—



—and he determined to wait at the door and seize him, as he must necessarily come out to open the session of the House at noon.

Finally, at fifteen minutes after noon, the General—



—once more demanded leave to enter the room. The door-keeper said: "Certainly," and flung open the door. Mr. Butler walked in and found the room empty. On investigation, General Butler discovered that—



—Speaker Blaine had climbed out of a window of the committee-room, clambered along a ledge of stone-work to the window of another room, and out of that had sneaked into the House, and into the Speaker's chair.

## LITERARY HALF-NOTES.

Presidential candidates by far outstrip the prize biographic cat of fabulous renown in the multiplicity of "Lives" daily thrust under the upturned nostrils of mankind; but as regards either general interest or popular entertainment the old domestic feline still leads—by a large majority.

Dr. W. A. Hammond is not only a square man and brother writer, but considerate withal, and truthful to the sub-division of a single hair. His initial performance in the field of fiction is frankly characterized and described as "a medical novel." This hits the nail upon the head. It is best to know exactly what anything is before trying it on. Elsewise some unenlightened reader of "Lal," basing an erroneous conclusion upon the number of murders, suicides and blood-lettings of all sorts with which the book so lavishly abounds, might have mistaken it for a "surgical novel." "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," and so forth. The title, we are sorry to say, is *not* preëminently a happy one. "Sal," for instance, is quite as euphonic as "Lal," and a heap more realistic. "Sally of our Alley" was a famous girl in her day and generation.

Are we not growing a trifle too playful with the heavenly bodies? Here, for instance, is a

book advertised as "Half-Hours with the Stars," as though anybody would credit the account of a writer foolish enough to undertake the difficulties and dangers of so long a journey for a brief thirty-minute interview! And another—"Spare Moments with the Comets"—presupposing that the author would have one moment to spare with an average-time comet, or that the comet would spare him even so long a time in case of casual encounter! If this sort of thing continues, may we not shortly expect similar literary ventures with corresponding titles, such as: "Moonstruck; or, a Flirtation with Luna"; "Campaigning with Mars"; "Going on a Spree with Jupiter"; "A Cruise with Neptune," etc., etc.? Our would-be familiar scientists had better leave this business to the Munro-Tousey combination.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"A Thing or Two; or, What I Don't Know About Farming Out." By Catspaw Reid, Foundling of the Late Horace Greeley. With an Introduction by William Walter Phelps and Jay Gould.

"The Mail and Express; or, I Sleep on It." By Kyru Doubleyou Phield.

"Tribune Tracks; or, Why I Took to the Woods." By J. G. Blaine. With Portrait on Steal. Sold by subscription only—i. e., the purchaser.

"Tanned Hides; or, Tewksbury Come Again." By B. F. Butler, author of "The Dutch Gap" and similar works. With an Appendix on the Sorrows of Widowhood.

"Men I Have Seen and Men Who Have Seen Me": A Monograph. By John Kelly.

"Barmecide Feasts; or, the Political Leek as a Regular Diet." ("I eat and eke I swear."—*Ancient Pistol*.) By Cabot Lodge.

"The Coolness of the Cucumber": A Scientific Treatise. By Dr. Freeze, of New Jersey.

"Apple-Jack; or, The Red Mud Rover of the Rancoc": A Tale of Blood, Thunder and Jersey Lightning. By the author of "Rear-riding Rufe, the Rustling Ranger of the Ramapo: A Riprending Romance of Riparian Rights."

### IN PRESS.

"The Life and Adventures of Mandelbaum," C. P. S., (Keeper of the Privy Steal,) edited by Thomas Byrnes, Peter J. Olney and H. C. Allen, is shortly to appear. Judging from certain advance-sheets, printed by way of advertisement in the daily press, this book promises to be what the "fly" publishers describe as both "rich and racy," though not unusually rare. It belongs naturally to the "detective" class of novels, and for ingenuity of plot and delineation of character may compare favorably with Gaboriau's best. F. W. P.



## SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE FUNNY-MAN.

"Who is that sad-looking man in yonder corner, bending over his desk?"

"That, my son, is the Funny Editor of the *Weekly Bungstarter*."

"Why does he seem so oppressed by gloom?"

"He is hatching out a new joke."

"Why should it make him sad to hatch out a new joke?"

"Because he has used up the mule, the man and the banana-peel, the girl at the front gate, the oyster at the church festival, the railroad sandwich, the little green peach and Doctor Mary Walker, and yet his column is not half filled."

"Are all funny-men sad when they are hatching out new jokes?"

"Yes; but not always as sad as those who read the jokes."

"Do funny-men ever smile and appear joyous, like other folks?"

"Yes, they smile whenever they are asked; and once a week they are seemingly happy."

"What is the special cause of their happiness?"

"The receipt of their salary."

"Does this funny-man we are looking at receive a very large salary?"

"Not so large as the smiling Obituary Editor over yonder, but it is ample for his needs. He pays as he goes, and when he can't pay he don't go."

"What do the people say in regard to the funny-man's jokes?"

"They say they could make just as good jokes as his, if they would try."

"Do they ever try?"

"No; they never have time."

"Does it pay to be a funny-man?"

"No, my son; it pays much better to be a solemn ass with a torpid liver."

"Why are men funny, then?"

"Because they are born that way and can't help it."

"Do funny-men never try to be funny?"

"No; funny-men never try to be funny. The man who tries to be funny is not a funny-man. He casts a heavy gloom over the entire community."

"Is the funny-man ever abused in print?"

"Yes, my son; he is frequently abused in print."

"By whom?"

"By the solemn asses who steal the funny-man's jokes and run them in their editorial columns as original."

"Is the funny-man ever sadder than when he is hatching out his jokes?"

"Yes; he is saddest when he sees his best joke credited to another paper, and just below it a miserably poor paragraph he never wrote credited to him."

"Are funny-men of great use in the world?"

"Yes, my son; funny-men are of very great use.

They lighten our cares, drive wrinkles from our brows, keep our livers running regularly, cause us to forgive our enemies and to speak well of our neighbors, even though our neighbors throw their empty tomato-cans over the line-fence upon our premises, and keep dogs that try to sing snatches of Italian operas in the dead waste and middle of the night."

"Are funny-men rewarded for the good they do?"

"Yes, my son, funny-men are rewarded for the good they do. They are rewarded in heaven. There is a reserved seat for each one of them in heaven. They pass right in, and the gentlemanly ushers show them up among the favored few on the front row."

SCOTT WAY.

A SHORT LIFE—That of the Chronically Impecunious.

DID IT ever occur to the poet that there are no umbrellas in last year's umbrella-stand?

IT IS not wonderful that an irritation of the scalp should cause a falling out of the hair.

PUCK BEGS to differ in opinion with the prejudiced maligner who denounces the Bartholdi monument as "a put-up job."

## MEN OF THE HOUR.

## THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The Shaw family in the United States spell their name with a final *w*, and no doubt it is the correct style of orthography. No one but an eccentric barbarian would employ two *h*'s in spelling so simple a word. I suppose the Persians spell "saw" with an *h*, too.

The manner in which the Shah received his name is rather peculiar, and has never found its way into print. It is as follows: At the christening of the wonderful babe his maiden aunt suggested that he be named O'Ferguson, as there was such a halo of romance attached to the appellation; whereupon the royal infant's paternal's matter-of-fact mother-in-law quickly and petulantly exclaimed: "Oh, pshaw!" Her voice was law in that household, and the babe was christened O'Shah, the name being spelled by ear. When O'Shah was nominated for King of Persia he dropped the *O*, in order to annex the Knownothing vote, and now he is simply called Shah.

[N. B.—There is no extra charge for this nomenclatural explanation, now made public for the first time. It was bound to leak out, sooner or later.]

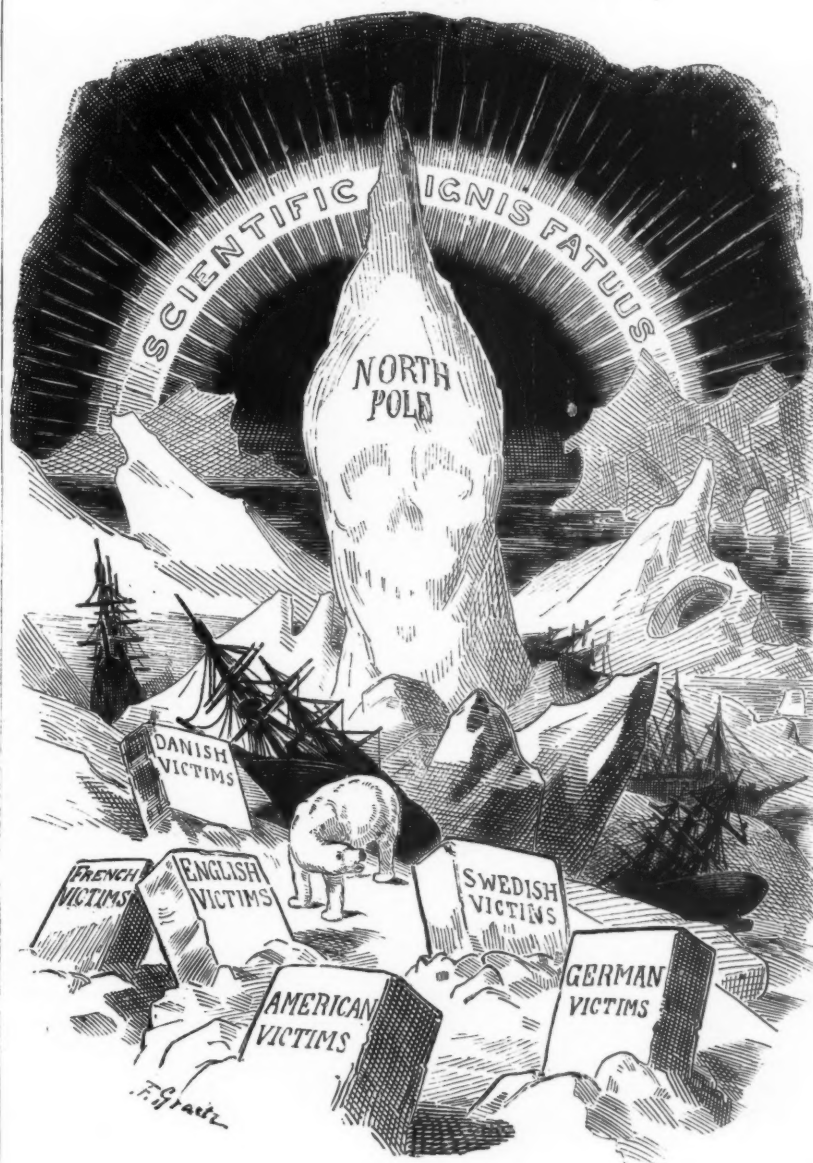
The Shah is married. This is reliable. When a young man, he acquired an abnormal taste for matrimony which he has never been able to control. It grew upon him as he advanced in years, and now he is the mother-in-lawest man in Persia. When he is borne down and utterly crushed by a weight of corroding gloom, and feels that existence is not worth existing, he doesn't go around the corner and engulf his sorrows in the flowing bowl. He regains his wonted cheerfulness by plunging into the wild and exhilarating vortex of matrimony. He again puts the cup of connubial bliss to his lips. In other words, he corrals another wife. A few weeks afterward the spirit of melancholy again gnaws at his vitals, and he banishes the incubus—not by reading one of General Butler's campaign letters, but by simply accumulating a new mother-in-law. The Shah has a mother-in-law for every day in the year, save Christmas—and on that day he has six.

It is related that the Shah once exhibited his wives' Spring millinery bill to a young American who was engaged to marry a fashionable woman.

"Great Cræsus!" cried the matrimonially-inclined young man, with bulging eye-balls, as he caught a glimpse of the sum total: "none in mine, please!" and he incontinently went out and hanged himself. The amount of the millinery bill is unknown; but it is strongly suspected that it exceeded thirty-two dollars and a-half.

The Shah is almost as

## THE WORLD'S MORGUE.



WHEN WILL THERE BE AN END TO THESE SACRIFICES TO SHAM SCIENCE?

proud as a watering-place hotel-clerk, and wears a ridiculous hat. In a temporary fit of economy, he had his hat built without a brim, thereby saving, perhaps, the sum of one dollar and a-half. His hat resembles a section of stove-pipe with a piece of Mrs. Shah's seal-skin sacque wrapped around it. If he were to sell a quart or two of the jewels that repose and shimmer on his breast when he is dressed to receive company, he would realize a sufficient sum of money to pay for the erection of brims on a regiment of such hats.

But once upon a time his big diamonds came very opportune. The Shah was "out on the ocean sailing," when a furious storm arose, and the absent-minded captain had left his anchor at home. Now, if there is one thing more than another that the captain of a vessel should not leave at home when he starts on a sea-voyage, it is the ship's anchor. In this instance it nearly proved fatal. The winds wailed wildly, the passengers prayed piteously, huge rocks ahead frowned ominously, the vessel plunged helplessly on, and it looked as if every minute would be the next. In less than five minutes the ship would be dashed to pieces. Charles Francis Adams not being among the passengers, the Shah was the coolest man on board. Thoughtfully detaching one of his largest diamonds, he made it fast to the anchor-cable, and with the assistance of the frightened crew heaved the gem overboard into the angry waters.

The vessel was held secure until the storm abated, and thus was a great catastrophe averted. The grateful passengers made up a purse of seventeen dollars and a-half on the spot, and presented it to His Majesty with their blessings and autographs. He placed the testimonial, in the mansard roof of his hat, and said he would ever wear it next his heart.

When the Shah travels, he is accompanied by an original but rather *outré* brand of etiquette. At a banquet in his honor in London, on the occasion of a visit several years ago, he was placed beside a richly-attired lady. When

he called for a French name on the bill-of-fare, and the waiter brought him a plate of soup which did not please his fastidious palate, he did not exhibit ill-breeding by hurling profane expletives at the menial's head. He quietly and complacently emptied the contents of the dish into the folds of the lady's dress, and requested the servant to fill it up again with something fit to eat. The lady, of course, mentally ejaculated: "You nasty brute!" but smiled admiringly upon his breast of jewels, and audibly remarked: "What charming originality!"

When the banquet ended, the lady had enough remnants of the feast deposited upon her dress to feed the poor of the parish.

An American newspaper man who was rash enough to attempt to interview the Shah did not meet with a very cordial reception. He found the potentate smoking a hookah. Making a salaam in the Arabian Nights dialect, and remarking his sad, dejected air, the reporter asked if he could do anything to lighten his sorrow. In reply the Shah removed his cimeter, handed it to the newspaper man, and told him to remove the heads of all interviewers. The reporter said they richly merited the fate of the man who forgot the important "open sesame" in the case of the Jesse James gang; but as he was a poor orphan and didn't hanker for fame, he would rather His Majesty would confer the honor on some person more worthy of it. Then the Shah took the weapon, began to sharpen it on a diamond in the rough, made an unpleasant motion across his throat with his hand, and pointed toward the door. The reporter, thinking maybe the Shah preferred to be alone to write a letter of acceptance or something, took his departure without ascertaining which one of the dozen or more Presidential candidates in America the Shah favored. The best way to have an interview with the Shah is to write it up in the back office without leaving home. It can be made more interesting and reliable that way.

A great deal more might be said about the

Shah; but it is an excellent rule when no good can be said of a man to say nothing. There are two things greatly to his credit, however. He emphatically declares that he is not the author of "The Breadwinners," and has never run for Congress on the Greenback ticket.

W.

### THREE LETTERS.

ROOMS OF THE  
YOUNG REPUBLICAN CLUB,  
GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J., August 4th, 1884.

HENRY J. WEST, PRESIDENT.  
G. WM. BARNARD, TREASURER.  
GEORGE W. BANKS, SECRETARY.

To the Publishers of PUCK—Gentlemen:

The Young Republican Club of this city has been a subscriber to your paper for the past three or four years, and has always admired its independence and impartiality in dealing with political parties and their candidates. Its divergence from this course, in the present campaign, to a venomously partisan opposition to Mr. Blaine meets with no sympathy from this club, and is entitled to none. In view of the facts, the Secretary of the Club, at a recent meeting, was instructed to write requesting that you discontinue sending the paper to our address, and that for the balance of the time for which we have subscribed it be forwarded, "with the club's compliments," to Hon. A. K. McClure, the eminent reformer, patriot and moralist of the Philadelphia Times.

Yours respectfully,  
GEO. W. BANKS, Secretary.

OFFICE OF PUCK,  
NOS. 21, 23 & 25 WARREN STREET.  
NEW YORK, August 6th, 1884.

A. K. MCCLURE, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir—The secretary of the Young Republican Club, of Gloucester City, N. J., has notified us that on account of our divergence from the course of independence, and our "venomously partisan opposition to Mr. Blaine," the club can no longer consent to receive our paper; and he instructs us to send the club's copy to you for the unexpired term of subscription. Will you kindly notify us if you have any objection to receive our "venomously partisan" sheet, and much oblige

Yours very truly,  
KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

THE TIMES,  
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 8th, 1884.

To the Publishers of PUCK—Gentlemen:

Although I have always taken PUCK since it was first issued, I can enjoy two copies for a season, if it will gratify the Young Republican Club, of Gloucester City. The club is doubtless comprised of very young Republicans, and some people, you know, don't get their sense until late in life.

Yours truly,  
A. K. MCCLURE.

—The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. In order that American smokers may have as good tobacco as the late Emperor, Blackwell's Durham Long Cut is now offered to the public. It is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco for either pipe or cigarette ever offered.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

#### CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.  
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.  
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.  
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

#### RECENT NUMBERS OF PUCK ARE NEVER OUT OF PRINT.

If your News-dealer can not supply you with any desired copy, you may procure it by applying to the Publishers or their General Agents,

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,  
29 & 31 Beekman Street, New York.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 8, 9, 10, 16, 25, 33, 38, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54, 56, 60, 62, 77, 79, 84, 85, 87, 88, 108, 109, 122 and 141 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.

### HE WAS ALL RIGHT.



"You don't mean to send us across the river in that horrid old boat, with that 'little boy'?"  
"Tis all right, mum. Sure an the b'y can shwim loike a dook!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*



## FRAUDS in GINGER

Those who cannot **ORIGINATE,**  
**IMITATE!**

**BROWN** is not a more  
uncommon name than  
**SMITH,**

**JONES, or**  
**ROBINSON,**

we are all aware, but some-  
times **PEOPLE WHO CAN-**  
**NOT ORIGINATE DO IMI-**  
**TATE!** therefore, when the

"**GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER**"

is desired, be certain not only  
to ask for

**FRED. BROWN'S**  
(Philadelphia)

## GINGER

but look well at the Bottle,  
see that it is **NOT ONLY**  
Wrapped in Blue Paper, but  
also see that there are

**THREE**  
**Trade Mark Labels**

**ON THE BOTTLE:**

The Large Steel Engraved La-  
bel, Black and White, the centre  
occupied by the Head of  
**WASHINGTON.**

The additional Trade Marks—  
one in Red, White and Black, with  
Signature—the other with Dose  
and Directions for Use in Blue,  
Black and White.

HANAN & SON  
TRADE  
MARK  
NEW YORK



You'd employ a skillful sur-  
geon to amputate your foot.  
Why, then, clothe your feet in  
shoes which distort those use-  
ful members of the body,  
making life miserable? "The  
Hanan" shoe is made upon  
scientific principles, resulting  
from thirty years' experience  
—six times longer than the sur-  
geon with whom you risk your  
life devotes to acquiring his  
profession. Be wise, and wear  
"The Hanan" shoe. Ask your  
shoe dealer for them.  
**HANAN & SON.**

"CONFOUND the luck!" exclaimed the land-  
lord of the farm-house.

"However," he added presently, addressing  
his confidential friend Brown: "I might as well  
get some fun out of it. When I tell the board-  
ers there's no milk for their coffee this morn-  
ing, I'll ask them to guess how it happened.  
One of them will guess that the cows got loose  
and wandered off in the night, another will say  
that Brindle kicked the pail over, a third will  
bet there was a thunder-storm in the night and  
it soured all the milk, and a fourth will say, in a  
know-all-about-farm-matters way, that cows  
quite frequently get into tantrums and refuse to  
give down. And so they'll go on, a-guessing  
this, that and the other reason why the milk is  
not forthcoming. It will be great fun. They'll  
never guess the true reason."

The landlord retired to the dining-room, but  
he wasn't gone long. When he came back he  
looked terribly discouraged. It was some time  
before he could make up his mind to talk. Fi-  
nally he said:

"It wasn't so funny as I thought it was going  
to be."

"No?" replied Brown, interrogatively.

"No," resumed the landlord: "When I  
asked them to guess how it happened that there  
was no milk for breakfast, darned if every one  
of them didn't guess right first time!"

"So?" remarked Brown.

"Yes, confound them!" moaned the land-  
lord: "they said it was because the train from  
Boston hadn't arrived! Fact is," he added:  
"boarders are getting to know altogether too  
much. This is my last year in the business.  
I've had enough of it."—*Boston Transcript.*

GENERAL BUTLER had a conference in New  
York last week with John F. Henry and F. B.  
Thurber about his Presidential prospects. The  
dispatch neglects to state, however, that when  
Benjamin spoke to John he looked at Thurber,  
so that each of the men answered at the wrong  
time and to the wrong questions, and the con-  
ference consequently went to wreck in a very  
short space of period.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

In Ohio a boy is liable to be fined fifty dol-  
lars for robbing a bird's nest. After a boy has  
been fined and has paid fifty dollars for robbing  
a bank living in luxury, and never arrested, and  
seemingly respected by all, the boy must feel  
as though he made a mistake in not robbing a  
bank's nest. *Peck's Sun.*

"EVERYBODY," says a philosopher: "has just  
twenty-four hours in each day." Yes, except  
the editor—he has about twenty-five, and then  
don't half finish what he is expected to do.—  
*Boston Post.*

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"A WONDERFUL SET OF CHEAP MUSIC BOOKS."  
HITCHCOCK'S famous  
25 CENT SONG COLLECTIONS,  
with music for piano, organ or melodeon. Twelve books now ready, each  
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B. W. HITCHCOCK, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St.



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LES AND TAN,**

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IT IS RELIABLE.

**FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,**

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Ask your Druggist for PERRY'S COME-  
DONE and Pimple Remedy, the infallible  
skin medicine. Send for circular.

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saves both time and expense. Price per pair, handsomely  
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Prices from \$35 to \$72.  
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**Gormully & Jeffery,**  
222 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.



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CELEBRATED TENNIS  
Balls and Rats.

Our new Franklin Bat can-  
not be surpassed. Price \$5.00.  
We are sole makers of the Regu-  
lation B all adopted by the U. S. N. L. T. Association, April 8,  
1884, and by the Intercollegiate L. T. Association, May 7, 1884.  
Just published the Playing Rules of Lawn Tennis, with com-  
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30c. AETNA PRINTING CO., Northford, Ct.



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Restoration  
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and Beauty  
to the  
CUTICURA  
REMEDIES."

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DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

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Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

## PERISHABLE SHOES.

### AN OBJECT LESSON.

Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary CONGRESS SHOES. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are sure to decay and become worthless UNLESS FRESH when you buy them. Consequently you should be made aware of one important fact in order that you may purchase your shoes INTELLIGENTLY. Bear in mind that shoes which have been handled by middlemen may have been piled up and held in stock for months. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastic parts will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes which may have been shelved by middlemen. If you want to be safe, buy the JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE which is NOT handled by any middlemen, but comes FRESH from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

## WASTE NOT MONEY ON INFERIOR SHOES.

And do not pay extravagant prices. Wear

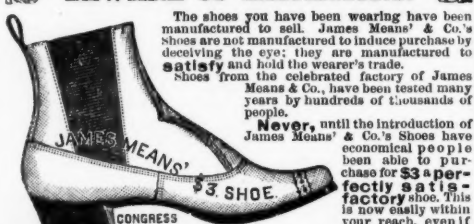
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Finest Calf Skin, for Gentlemen's Wear.

Button, Lace and Congress.

ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY, COMFORT AND STYLE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



The shoes you have been wearing have been manufactured to sell. James Means' & Co.'s shoes are not manufactured to induce purchase by deceiving the eye; they are manufactured to satisfy and hold the wearer's trade. Shoes from the celebrated factory of James Means & Co., have been tested many years by hundreds of thousands of people. Never, until the introduction of James Means' & Co.'s Shoes have economical people been able to purchase for \$3 a perfectly satisfactory shoe. This is now easily within your reach, even if you live in the most distant corner of the country. Ask your retailer for it, and if he can not supply you, send your address by postal card to JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

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THE ORIGINAL! BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE AND ONLY



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## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

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GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.



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MANUFACTURERS,  
108 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

50 Golden Beauties, &c. Cards with name, 10 cents. Present with each pack. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Ct.

A MINISTER in Cleveland rode to church last Sabbath on a bicycle. As he swept up to the sacred edifice, a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the senior deacon, came lumbering out to greet the pastor. The bicycle struck the canine head on, under a full head of steam, and ran him down with a shock that could be plainly felt with the naked eye. The Reverend took a header, and jammed his high silk hat down over his ears so tight that he had to crawl clear through it to get out of it. The scattered leaves of a seven-head sermon flew around the avenue like a theological snow-storm. The dog made Rome howl with his wails, and attracted a crowd of three hundred people. The parson's coat was split down the back, and his trousers ripped across the knees. He pinned up the knees, and he had to wear a pepper-and-salt sack-coat the sexton loaned him. When he appeared in the pulpit in this garb the congregation smiled, and when he announced his text, Second Kings, twelfth, sixth: "But it was so \* \* \* the priests had not repaired the breaches—" there wasn't a dry eye in the conventicle. And now the question before the church is: "Should the parson ride a bicycle to church, or has the deacon a Christian right to own a dog?"—*Burlington H. Wake.*

"WHAT have you done?" drawled the East India Hammock, languidly, making a lazy effort to swing a little in the evening breeze.

"Done?" said the little Base-Ball, scornfully: "What have I done? Since two o'clock I have been at it. I broke the short-stop's fingers, knocked an eye out of the catcher, skinned the pitcher's hands, doubled up the umpire twice, drove the wind clean out of the second-base, broke six panes of glass and a woman's head in the school-house, and knocked a spectator cold. What have I done? I haven't lain around all day, a limp mass of protoplasmic net-work."

And he smiled in bitter triumph as he thus displayed his college training.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

PRINCE DOUR-MOHAMMED-KHAN-MONGAR-EL-MAMELEK, heir-apparent of the Shah of Persia, and Fräulein Amanda Bettina Kreuzwanger Rosalie Bakerman Zwinehout, a well-known German actress, have both abandoned a proposed visit to this country because the cable telegraph company insisted on extra pay for messages sent and received, owing to the elongaticity of the names.

"We don't usually charge for addresses and signatures," said the manager: "but business can not be interrupted for nothing."—*Peck's Sun.*

THE Arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty; dance, sing and do not care for ice-cream. Hot drinks and walrus-blubber are their peculiar vanities, and seal-skin sacques are sold at two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE receiver isn't always as bad as the thief. It sometimes happens that although the thief has wrecked a railroad company the receiver is an honest man.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

THE cucumber sings to the watermelon, while the green apple rolls around in glee: "We are cramping to-night on the old cramp-ground."—*Tilsonbury Observer.*

Do not forget to add to your lemonade or soda ten drops of Angostura Bitters. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents all Summer Diseases. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. C. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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will be sure in ninety cases in a hundred, and recommend all sufferers to make a thorough trial of it." Signed,

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The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence.  
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.  
Sold by Druggists. (Every Band gets) S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee,  
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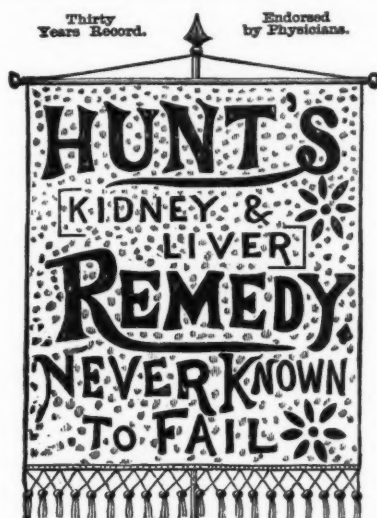
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BRIGHT'S  
DISEASE  
PAINS  
IN  
THE  
BACK  
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DISEASES  
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By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified. It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases. It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. It is prepared expressly for these diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. For sale by all druggists.

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**STOMACH BITTERS,**  
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**L. FUNKE, JR.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
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## A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address Taus & Co., Augusta Maine.

PROUD man, the Governor of Texas. He recently made a speech, in which he is reported as saying:

"When I am traveling in foreign parts," said the Governor, enthusiastically: "I am proud to say that I am from the Lone Star State. When I register at a hotel I pick out a pen with a broad point, and I write after my name in big letters: 'FROM TEXAS.'"

And, do you know, a man who was traveling in those same foreign parts, when he heard of this, went to a hotel where the Governor had stopped, and there, sure enough, after his name were the words, in big letters: "frum tecksis." Dear, dear, even the Governor of a great State may sometimes spell by ear.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

"HAVE you handkerchiefs with green borders?"

"Green borders! No, sir; but there is one with a beautiful crimson border. It would be much more becoming to your complexion, sir, and—"

"Don't you suppose I know what I want? I want a handkerchief with a green border, sir, that I may let hang out of my pocket."

"Some special reason for it, I presume. You are—"

"Yes, sir; I am the Republican candidate for President."—*Chicago News.*

It is passing strange how habits acquired in youth will hang to a person in after years in spite of his most vigorous efforts to throw them off. An old temperance lecturer who has not for twenty years tasted strong drink, save as a medicine, says that when he looks at the druggist draw soda-water, he can't for the life of him help winking.—*Middletown Transcript.*

The wife of a Methodist preacher in Georgia takes turns with him at preaching. When his parishioners see the old gentleman digging worms in the back-yard they know that it is his day off.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The temperance movement is spreading in Switzerland. That is exactly the place for it to spread. The people have plenty of good health and no money to buy drinks with.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

For Puck's Campaign Rates see first column of Page 383.

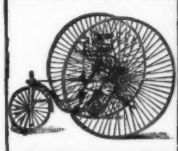
The Highest Medical Authorities Concede Anglo-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the BEST prepared Food for Infants and Invalids. Ask Druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in last week's Puck.)

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AGUE, FEVER,  
AND BILIOUS SPECIFICS.  
BRAIN AND NERVE  
FORCE REVIVERS.  
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